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VOLUME XXII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1842. WHOLE NO. 1109.

Original Poetry.

THE QUAKERESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY LEWIS J. CIST.

Oh! sweet tell again to me
Of thinking belles and high-born maids;
Tell it here home must be one
A "Modern" full of Quakeresses!
Your tale must may paper dress,
Your clothing bridle may be more striking,
But the most modest Quakeress
Is far more beautiful to me!

Oh! was it not your lot to know
A sweet and modest Quaker lass,
With auburn tresses, all curls of snow,
And bosom—but we'll let that pass!
Withdraw, before whose sunny glance
The wanderer rebel must surrender!
Know that such maids dwell under you heaven,
So lovely and sparkling, you no tender!

Her form of Nature's finest mould,
Luminous as the land of Art;
Luminous as which you may behold
The rich metaphysics of a heart,
If shed with the deep purity
Of young love's earnest, purest passion,
Which nature's fresh'ly fond for you
From the cold worldliness of fashion.

Her modesty becoming walk—
Sometimes too cold, I will allow;
And then her pretty Quaker talk,
Her "thee" and "thy," and "thou" and "thee"!
How prettily from her sweet lips
Fall phrases that were harsh from others,
Just as her pretty Quaker hat,
Her tall, ungainly, awkward brothers!

And then an cold coquette is she,
I cannot think it without sadness,
But rather sinless, all modesty,
The opposite of worldly art—unmeaning
But yet when Be—the flowered youth,
Shall call at Adam's door to visit,
No dainty door she have the truth
Shall'nt enter unaware himself!—Yes!

Let other birds their vanities love,
To ranging belles and coated beauties,
But be it mine to sing the praise
Of Quaker maids and homely dresses!
Let high-born dames, in jewels flashing,
Be lord and fashion's mould-pied be!
Let others choose their beauties dashing,
But the sweet QUAKERESS for me!

Cincinnati, Ohio.

Original Novel.

HERBERT TRACY; OR, The Legend of the Black Rangers.

CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY G. LIPPARD, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "PHILADELPHIA IN ITS AGE OF AGRAMONT, &c. &c."

CHAPTER THE SECOND—THE RETURNING.

She gazed upon that gorgeous sunset, the beautiful god! She gazed from the arching window of her chamber, at the setting sun, whose golden rays flashed into brighter radiance with the last glimpse of daylight—her soft blue eyes dimmed with lasting tears—her pale, sorrowing face of unearthly beauty, the cross of shape, parted by the rising sigh—and her golden hand hair, floating in glossy richness down each shoulder, and her whole form, clothed in deep mourning, finally resting in beautiful disorder upon that virgin bosom.

The beauty of Marian Waldham was of that fascinating character which so finely and delicately blends the spiritual with the material, and charms the beholder with a single glance, at a time, which enchants by the fancy with every motion and attracts the imagination in every attitude, throwing the golden light of romance around the dull form—conferring a brighter glance to the eye, a lovelier hue to the velvet cheek, and a waxing exuberance to the hour, which entices in every every action of the hidden soul that works of human speech may fail to utter.

Lonely as Marian was at all hours, she certainly never seemed more beautiful than on this eventful evening, when gazing at the last beams of sunset, from the spacious window of her chamber, situated on the western wing of Mount Tracy's mansion, amidst the heights of the Wissahickon.

Her face, raised gentle upward, centered on each other, a glowing light, and the soft flush of sunset, her eyes, her large blue, lustrous orbs, half closed in dreaming thought, were suspended on a melting tear, that seemed to fill to swell her countenance with a heavenly fullness, was slightly opposed with the lustlessness of sweetness, and a beautiful chin, small, with the full, rounded flowing outline, into the striking cheek with its clear transparent hue, and around the Grecian head along the neck, flowing cheek, and over her small, white neck, streamed the luxuriant locks of her curling hair, whose bright and silky gold, glistening to the sunbeams, resembled the luminous tint borrowed round her beauty like a veil of light.

Her bust was ample, well proportioned and swelling in its outline, yet delicately rounded with full yet virgin beauty, her waist small and tapering, yet without any appearance of unnatural confinement or artificial compression, and her hand and arm, models of symmetry, exhibiting the most delicate veins in the transparent portions of her figure full in a voluptuous simply, which gave indefinable fascination to every motion of those two beautiful members, and which, when the former was dropped from neutral, the snow-white folds of the bridal robe.

And those arms, full, fair, and rounded with the flowing line of grace, lured from the shoulder, with their beauty gleaming through the bewitching sleeves of sable hue, and the delicate hand with natural taper fingers half clasped in front supporting the golden bracelet, which the sunbeam was about to enhance beyond that art which added to such pride could invent: all these charms—the face, the flowing hair, the half thoughtful, half dreaming attitude, the air of waning tenderness, and the luminous color which completes the wonder of the world's costume, which beamed from the maiden's features—all combined, made her seem to the fascinated eye, prior to the hearing of a gaze of enchantment with all the depth of the passion that springs from a high intellect, and a being whose entire soul, with all its natural affections, would dote on such a maiden in deep and lasting love, for the object of her choice.

Marian turned from the bright sunset and gazed around her chamber. Above her head hung the enamel plate of Major Tracy and Squire Waldham had given up to the latter the whole of the mansion, and the former this chamber had been set apart for Marian, and furnished by her father. The furniture was attractive without being gorgeous. The chamber looked precisely the same as on the day that Marian first entered it, with the exception of the dark pall, which had since her life, endangered by a wild and untamed home, was rushed with beauty and father once a prodigious, and pleasing, and then that waters of the Wissahickon. But soon tore imagined the noble form of Herbert, confronting the maddened horse, and where his efforts to stay the animal were in vain, again the picture was colored by her fancy, how gallantly he sprang into the depths of the trouble and drew her fainting form out that of her dying father to the shore. All this, and the subsequent scenes of the confession of his love, his acknowledgment of a rival passion, and then the cruel arrow to her vivid fancy, and the maiden dashed her father's marriage present, the gaudy bracelet, to the floor, and covering her face with her fair white hands, she sought relief from the pressure of thought or weighed of to it.

Her memories was attracted by the sound of a footstep, and a low voice whispered her name. She looked up and beheld her father. His frame was thin and emaciated with disease, his shoulders bent forward with premature extreme old age, and the slight mantle of gray hair, which fell from under his invalid's cap, curled along with modern clerks, afforded a grateful relief to the pale hue of that face, with the features, distorted by pain, the pulsed eye, the shrunken lip and contracted brow.

"Daughter, you are in tears," said Mr. Waldham, leaving a chair and withered hand upon Marian's shoulder. "I was here better not to encourage this feeling. What must be, must. I have planned this marriage Marian, with an eye single to thy happiness—" he paused, for a violent fit of coughing checked his utterance. "When I am no more, Marian, you will need a protector. Lieutenant Wellwood Tracy—"

Marian started from her head lover, and looked her father in the face, in the name. "Nay, Marian, wherefore start you thus? Is not the Lieutenant worthy love, and gallantly bred? Has he not sighed, is not full many entailed among the learned and respected of the world?"

"Father! My truth is plighted to another!" exclaimed Marian in that dreaded voice, which betokens the firmness of despair—"My troth is plighted to another!"

"An outcast and a beggar!" exclaimed a strange voice, and the tall form of Major Tracy stood between the father and daughter—"An outcast and a beggar!" he continued, as a smile of mingled contempt and scorn curved his lips. "Is' truth as pliable as the other fountain? Why, Marian, I had thought better of thee than this! What! would you stoop to marry an outcast and bring his home, I will allow; and then her pretty Quaker talk.

Her "thee" and "thy," and "thou" and "thee"! How prettily from her sweet lips

Fall phrases that were harsh from others,
Just as her pretty Quaker hat,
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Quaker, in obedience to the invisible signal, the new comer, with its delicate crescent of silver, was poised in the clear azure of the western horizon, and shedding its rays over the woods and streams of the Wissahickon, a shower of softened light, which danced on the prominent points of the foliage, sparkled along the rivulet, and waved in threads of silver through the open glades and shadowed recesses of the forest.

Having passed through the small garden, around which the farm-house was situated, Herbert Tracy paused a moment to gaze upon the scene, and then, with a heavy sigh, he was turned the Wissahickon, which rolled along at the base of the hill, and the cool, refreshing murmur of water, sweeping along a pebbled bottom, and gave its thousand tiny ripples, and delicate wavelets to the bright beams of the moon.

"Well, may I die the death of a cur"—exclaimed Harry as he reached the banks of the stream, and gazed around—"I am young, and I don't like to die, that's a right brisk struggle, if this suit party. I never did see my native Arcana look so nice either—and now that I think of it I don't like to visit my old folks; but I hated got time. I must get that party pal out of the clutches of them Britishers at Mount Tracy, and then I kin sit down and play if I like, but not alone. But where in the name of the Continental Congress is that fellow Dennie? Dennie O'Donnigan, McDermott, McMonough, McDaniel, Mac——"

"Mr. Dod!" answered a voice from a clump of the bushes, somewhat startled, "Mr. Dod! Is it a cattle? a man, durnent and civil, out o' his name, at this solemn hour of the night? my jee, ye pagliayn't in that ye jealous. Harry Hall!—continued the voice, as the bushes rustled, and a small round face, with a very small, and very bright pair of gray eyes, long upper lip and short nose, completed from the foliage. "Is that yer pe'ilterers I say! I'm ashamed of ye, Harry Hall."

"Ha! ha!" naturally rose from among the bushes, and presently a tall, stout figure, clad in the uniform of the Black Rangers, leaped out on the turf, and in an instant was at the side of Harry Hall.

"I'm ashamed of ye, Harry Hall"—said the Irishman, with a grave look, and with a merry sparkle in his upper lip and short nose, completed from the foliage. "Is that yer pe'ilterers I say! I'm ashamed of ye, Harry Hall."

"Dennie, Mister, pause, for my sake!" shrieked her father, rising his interested hands, with a voice that seemed prophetic of the last lamentation of the dying—"Marian, pause for your father's sake!"

The words died on the maiden's lip, the flash of determination and courage passed from her beaming features, her eye lost its flashing glance, her form the figure of an angel, a prostrate penitent, still would at last sunk, turned and clasped her father's knees, and in a voice of eternal constancy to her love, when she left, standing before her, the work of her own hands, and the fabric of her own loom, on the verge of the grave, with his eyes, dimmed by disease watered into the momentary glance that appealed to her heart, added eloquence to the holiest feelings of a daughter's heart.

She sank weeping at his feet, and clasped his knees, and looked up, she cried,

"You will consent, my daughter!" he whispered. "You will gratify your pure, fond father."

"Father! father!" exclaimed Major Tracy stood regarding the father and daughter with a glance of fiendlike mocking triumph as he muttered, "Now this traitor is going to thwart my plans! Curse the old wretch! Well, would shall have the bride and the lands, and when the relief has met his deserts, Wellwood assures he is to be my son-in-law, and I shall be considered among of fortunes, which his other hand, held poised directly over her face. He was not an unhandsome man, but there was in the air of villainous about his small, delicate features and the jaunty air of every position assumed by his slender and well proportioned figure, that gave you an idea, you stood in the presence of the fashionable fop, the man of the world of fillers, the "dear deceiver" of ladies' ears, whose figure was the theme of compliments, and sentiment of little pieces of all kinds of knowledge, which combined, together form what the world calls a gentleman, who ever divided the combination of so many rare qualities is well dressed.

And Wellwood Tracy was no dull fellow either. At the universities of Oxford had given him some idea of the existence of Greek and Latin, and he was sufficiently acquainted with the modern languages, the poets, the romances, not celebrated philosophers, a words in London passed amid the excitement of the gay, where he had contributed other means of life, and mingled into his mind that fashionable mediocrity, which is the winning of a game of cards and the destruction of a woman's virtue on a scale of perfect equality in the list of innocent pleasures and the social sins, and with all these accomplishments and a genteel way of saying large oaths and dainty impersonations, Lieutenant Wellwood Tracy, was voted by the ladies and all his associates in good society to be a dear, a dashing, a finished gentleman, in every way worthy of succeeding to the title of Lord Tracy, and to become the immediate heir to the estates which he had been set apart for Marian, and furnished by her father. The furniture was attractive without being gorgeous. The chamber looked precisely the same as on the day that Marian first entered it, with the exception of the dark pall, which had since her life, endangered by a wild and untamed home, was rushed with beauty and father once a prodigious, and pleasing, and then that waters of the Wissahickon. But soon tore imagined the noble form of Herbert, confronting the maddened horse, and where his efforts to stay the animal were in vain, again the picture was colored by her fancy, how gallantly he sprang into the depths of the trouble and drew her fainting form out that of her dying father to the shore. All this, and the subsequent scenes of the confession of his love, he acknowledgment of a rival passion, and then the cruel arrow to her vivid fancy, and the maiden dashed her father's marriage present, the gaudy bracelet, to the floor, and covering her face with her fair white hands, she sought relief from the pressure of thought or weighed of to it.

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"You served him right! Confound the Britishers, I say!"

"Amen to that. And then they gave me the choice of the gallows or the dragoon's saddle, for they saw I was a stout, tall fellow (fellow!) of me inches, and I chose the latter, for I had a mother through the bosom, and the clubber clung to me knees, and persuaded wid their tears that sed on touch more than me—in fact, sooner than be hanged, and beg I did, sooner to me soul! And I've never seen wife or child since!"

The Irishman brushed a tear from his eye, and Harry was seized with a sudden fit of whistling.

"Aye! Whistle, Harry, whistle! It's better to whistle to weep, my jee! If Molly Hagh was sometime me heart 'ud break for the grief that's tugging at it Oshone, Erin Mavourneen—I'm making a pair of me self."

"How long is it since ye loated, Dennie?"

"Ten years or thereabouts. We came to Montreal, and seen some service among the French and Injins, and on nose occasions, a party of us dragoons was despatched all the way to Detroit, and the whole lot on us, barrin' two others besides myself, were killed by that red skinned Injins. We three survivors made the best of our way to Canada, and joined the service of his Majesty's own regiment, and with a brief furlough of six months, I've been in the service ever since. Harry Hall!—continued the Irishman, with a look of affected gravity, "I'm ashamed of ye, Harry Hall!"

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"Yes! Mount, by the Continental Congress, mount!"

Ere Harry had finished his favorite expletive, Herbert had sprung upon the stomach of the steeds, and with the fainting Marian in his arms, struck for the road that led around the rock down to the Wissahickon.

"Now's you're time, Dennie! If you've any spents in your lazy bones, mount that horse by the saddle cushion!" shouted Harry, as he struck the rock's in danger! Now then—" cried the gallant trooper as he sprang upon the servant's horse, and encircled his form in the saddle! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah

mers to advance his interests with the daughter; and in his improper, officious interference, he caused a most needless and important lie, as to render the young man, who was really clever and of unblemished character, almost a bashful object to her from very low association.

The other beau she liked very well as a friend and companion; but, as he possessed in very peculiarly offensive qualities, she did not dismiss him as a hopeless companion for life, any more than she did of her sister, during the hidden work of destruction with the more overwhelming certainty.

Would it not be far wiser and more advisable for parents, under such circumstances, to forbear all premature and improper meddling and coercive interference; and, merely bestowing a vigilant regard and attention to the genuine morals and happiness of their off-spring, endeavor thus to win a confidence and love from the latter by kindness, which they failed to do by an error of a crime justified therein, or a fault of sufficient? Some there are who think so. We seldom see, in these delicate affairs, parental force make good or remedy what has in a great measure been brought about by parental neglect or misencouragement.

"Adah," said her father, "why will you persist in carrying contempt to slight the attentions of Mr. Melville, and thus persist in defeating a darling object of my wishes, viz: to see you wedded to an honorable and wealthy a family, and likely to possess all the heart could desire?"

For a while she held down her head, struggling for power to reply becomingly: but, overcome by her feelings, she repeatedly choked while essaying to speak. At this we by no means drew first concentration on this disagreeable subject. At length she replied, "I cannot love him, sir, and, faithfully obeyed you in all things while at an age when I was more practically inspired your paternal government and guidance! But have I not now arrived at a period of my life which, according to our usages, gives me a right to cease to treat me as a child, and allow me to exercise an unrestricted freedom in a matter of taste which is to affect my future welfare for life? I therefore, sir, that I not only cannot love Mr. Melville, but the very sight of him has become offensive to me."

"Then, sister it must come to that, let me assure you, Miss obstinacy," said he, "that unless you see him within a month, (for I have agreed with him to that time) he shall be the utmost limit of his probation, you may take the pleasant alternative of quitting my roof forever!"

"Oh, say not so, dear father," said she, falling on her knees and bathing his hand with a fresh gush of tears, "I love obstinately treat me as disgusting the purpose by brutal force, at the sacrifice of her happiness for life, and choosing rather to carry his point than entreat, make no other reply than,

"Away!—I've said it. Leave the room."

It was now near evening; and after a passionate fit of grief in her chamber, which had left her feeling the underlying parent, (she had lost her mother,) Adah threw on a shawl and bonnet, and hastily bundling up a few changes of apparel, left her father's mansion, now closed against her forever, and proceeded to her kind, widowed Aunt Davenport's shady retreat, on the bank of a beautiful stream in the rustic, the precincts of the city. It was in the sylvan recesses of this rustic spot, that the lovers' had been constantin and to hold their secret interviews. Love course,—here now they poured forth their mutual griefs. That very evening, about twilight, they retired to their chamber, which, being fastened with paintful interest to Adah's recital of her wrongs Leslie remarked,—

"Adah, love, I am a wretch—a base impostor—unworthy of your love, eyes, even of your pity. In short, I am—a—swindler!—Yes, start not yet, for when you shall have heard the damning nature of my offence, curse and forsake a man who is a spectacle of your sagacity and a victim of his own—"

"No! Oh, no, no, no, for pity's sake," she exclaimed, "let me not hear the self-upbraidings of one who is far dearer to me than life itself. Bear with me when I say it is not true—no, no, it is not possible! Take that back, and just not with my learned feelings at such a juncture as this."

"Alas!" said he, "it is no jest, but it is a grave reality. Oh, my curse upon the day that witnessed my departure from the peaceful, the sacred home of happy abode of my youth, made deadly error and undermining by the affections and counsels of fond parents, whose latter spirit shall rest in the whole army of Lieut. Seduced by the blandishments of a city life and the arts of my destroyer, I plunged deeper and deeper into the vortex of dissipation and folly, gratifying until at length my inordinate appetite for the gaming table, together with a longing desire to possess sufficient means to justify our marriage. Incited on to the unpardonable crime of forgery! Yes, not only so, but of a fell of exchange on a house in Liverpool for no less a sum than five thousand dollars, and the money I have now in my possession, having sold the bill for a trifling. Lastly, if not finally, I have object to be arrested and thrown into prison. Then consume it, will say this instead to South America, dear—"

Alas! what ends do ravages
The ruin that troubles with cold rose.

WASHINGTON'S SWORD.

The sword which Washington wore, through all the battles of the Revolution, which he drew a pluck, gross hilt, and bought. The valuable relic has been in possession of the present of Little. Little Rock, Ark., for a long time, and is now about to be sold at auction. About seven in the morning, a number of persons, who had softly stolen upon him with a prowl, and overhead him saying to the magistrate's office, and thence after a brief examination, to jail.

A few more words will serve. Poor Adah remained faithfully attached to her unfortunate lover, and visited him for the months in prison. Through Judge ingenuousness and resulting in conviction, and a sentence of fifteen years confinement and labor in the penitentiary, and if not for power, for a shorter time, year after the deed of a broken heart. His parents did not long survive his and their mutual disgrace. Adah survived her father he had served out the bitter term of his sentence.

ASPIRATION OF MIND.

For there eye upon a star in the infinite distance and depth of heaven, what beam is that which visits thee from afar, far beyond the precincts of solar day? Through the whole revolution of the heavens, and the astronomical facts for all then knowest, before then the world, and the universe of space, and through distance and immeasurable, through the silent leper and more revolutions of years unknown to the mind of man. He has been travelling onward and onward, until it has fallen upon the poor weak sense. Now follow it back on the line of its commencement, and see where it left the home, which it hath left to reach there; and does the mind stop there? No; nor there nor anywhere, does it stop, but onward and beyond. Such is the eternity it wanders, and can that mind say, that it is tired? Oh, no, it is still eternity comfort and a few worldly possessions! Can the eye see the whole of the universe and measure again its contents with a grain of sand upon that shore of time? No. Hold then the consciousness Owner with the bottom of thy hand and then mayest then each the smallness of thought, patience and desire to that narrow compass. Contain up treasures of infinite worlds to the finite, and then mayest then look up to that coffer the affections that are expanding to the grasp of infinity. No, mistaken soul! there eye opens the arch of heaven; the mighty thought runs to the eternal stars. Those sun must be broad and boundless as those gulfs of heaven. A heart as strong as them loved then must live religiously and wisely. Cannot be a good guide to faith. Your choice love our thoughts, as it is bearing out made to eternity.—*Dewey.*

RATHER NEAR.—An advertiser in a western paper, who registers in the various occupations of doctor, lawyer, justice of the peace, and lay-goods merchant, adds the following to his list of occupations and qualifications: "N. B. Auctioneering of the loudest kind, interspersed with ventriloquism."

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

Philadelphia:
Saturday Morning, October 29.

A CARD.

The proprietors of the Saturday Evening Post have purchased the entire establishment of the SATURDAY CHRONICLE of this city, of MOSES MATHIAS & Taylor, and also the UNITED STATES newspaper, published heretofore by MESSRS. SWAIN, Abell & Simmons. The immediate consolidation of the two concerns they purpose to unite to that of the Saturday Evening Post, which will give them a weekly edition *far surpassing any existing folksheet in the United States. The joint circulation of the several publications* lately issued by the subscribers will now be over 100,000. They can therefore now afford to encounter increased expense for the advantage of the reader, and publish a cheaper paper for the quality than any other establishment. The paper will hereafter be issued under the title of the "UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST AND CHRONICLE."

GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

☞ Subscribers to either of the papers now united, *are considered, will receive and be duly served by the paper resulting the amount due, as we wish to bring up the books at once, and take a fair start. We shall issue one of the least sheets in the Union —but only to subscribers whose promptitude exhibits them to the name of* THE SUBSCRIBERS.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

From some unexplained cause, Dr. Dionysius Lardner has withdrawn this gentleman. The Chestnut-street Theatre, rather abruptly, a notice of their sudden suspension being posted in the lobby on the evening appointed for the performance of *Otello*. The present question, a standard work; and we will do him the justice to say, after a careful perusal of his volumes, that he has considerably improved his work into consideration—the first historical work of this century. He is the only English writer of note who has done justice to the genius and character of Napoleon. But, when he comes to speak of this country, he sinks from the dispassionate historian, to the rabid Tory scribe. Falsehood wakes up for fact, and malice for impartial study. Taking his evidence from the Tredgars, Halls, and Merrydale, who have visited here to find opportunities for slander, he has left, on the pages of his history, the following character of our countrymen:

"All classes and ranks are dissatisfied with their condition, and plod on in sullen discontent, which is but too often ready to break out in violent demonstrations, and even the expression of their consciousness. The people are dissatisfied with the want of the superficial character of literature, and lament that its higher ends are sacrificed to the mercenary views of the extension of the power of reading to the working orders of society. The professional men are dissatisfied with the want of public spirit in the people of Europe; that they are overshadowed by commercial wealth, and find no compensation for the want of respect in which their avocations are held, or the solace which we believe to be their very qualified to confuse these lectures—who is fully conversant with the thrilling subject in all its appalling, as well as in all its more characteristic details—has left behind him two works written both in France and England on that political convulsion—who has been acquainted in Europe with intimately with the chief actors, either as guiners in the French Revolution—and who, in following up results of the great and stormy movement, will have in his power to collect the whole of the subject, and to present it in a form which will be at once attractive and instructive. Indeed, we believe it to be impossible for any one to write these lectures—who is fully conversant with the thrilling subject in all its appalling, as well as in all its more characteristic details—who

United States SATURDAY POST.

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BRITISH AND AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS.

The last number of the Foreign Quarterly Review contains an elaborate article on the Newspaper Literature of the United States. It has been attributed in certain quarters, without the slightest reason of any kind whatever, to Mr. Charles Dickens. We know nothing of its authorship, but the internal evidence of the article shows that it is not from the pen of the author of "Nicholas Nickleby." The most reprehensible feature of this attack on the American press is, that it is mainly devoted to a severe and excoriating review of the *New York Herald*, which the writer speaks of as an *American* print; although the editor, proprietor, reporters, most of the correspondents, and even the printers of it, are *British subjects!*

But the article in the Foreign Quarterly is not unjust only in speaking of journals conducted by British subjects, as indicators of the character of our newspaper literature. The violence of personal denunciation, and the recklessness of private character exhibited in too many of our gazettes is held up to the abhorrence of the English people, as if we Americans, even with the foreign hirelings counted as our countrymen, excelled the editors over the sea in these respects. We certainly deprecate most heartily all interference by the press with private character, and that violence of praise and denunciation which too often characterize the essays of writers, even of the most respectable standing and abilities; but we by no means assent to the idea that our editors are more licentious than the English, or that assaults upon private character, or violent coarse and causeless attacks upon public men, are more frequent among us than among those who have thrust themselves into the chair of accusation. To satisfy our readers on this point, we present a few characteristic epithets from the London Times, by its own claim and the general assent of the English people, the *leading journal of the world*. Did a single number of even the New York Herald ever contain more vile words than we here give from a single page of that print? "Blackguard, liar, ruffian, villain, atheist, rascal, robber, fiend, thief, papist, traitor, scoundrel, swindler, monster, miscreant, rebel, assassin, pirate, profligate, infidel, enemy of God and man," *et cum multis aliis quæ nunc perscribere longum est*. These genteel words are applied to the first characters in Great Britain, including Lords, Members of Parliament, Ministers of State, ministers of the Gospel, embassadors, newspaper editors, and even private gentlemen, who dare to take any interest in public affairs. Such elegant extracts may suit the genteel breakfast tables, boudoirs, and club houses in London, but the editor who should use them in this country, would very speedily encounter a merited and potential rebuke. Does a man resist church rates, *The Times* forthwith dubs him a rascal, a robber, a thief; does another advocate religious freedom, he is at once proclaimed an atheist, an infidel, or a papist; if a person has not stomach for all church abuses, he is heralded as an arch-fiend, and an enemy to God and man; and should he refuse credence to all a Tory may assert, out fly against him the terms liar, scoundrel, blackguard, ruffian, &c.

In a number of the Times printed three or four years ago, we find the term liar applied seventeen times to Daniel O'Connell; and five times to Joseph Hume, whom we suspect to have been as pure a statesman and as true a gentleman as there was then in Parliament. This is the style in which political controversies are conducted in the "*leading journal of Europe*;" and does any one pretend that more recklessness and indecency distinguishes the *vilest* of our own gazettes? that we have a more ultra system of blackguardism? We trow not.

The writer in the Foreign Quarterly seems not to be content with his censures of the American newspapers. He thinks the violence of politico-personal tirade in Congress, and elsewhere among public characters, if not a consequence of the grossness of the journals, at least a striking characteristic of our republican society. We have no excuses to offer for these errors of our public men. Many disgraceful letters, speeches, etc., have unquestionably appeared from officers, candidates, and others, during the heats of political controversy, that should have caused the exclusion of their authors from official life. But we doubt whether *any* American has ever excelled some half dozen BRITISH NOBLEMEN whom we could mention, in this department of scurrility. We shall, however, present but a few specimens of aristocratic propriety from one of these "models of refinement," the most noble the Marquis of Westmeath, contained in a printed address, written and signed by him, to the electors of members of Parliament. His lordship applies to an opposing candidate the following elegant and gentlemanly epithets:—"Profligate adventurer, common blackguard, well-defined coward, dunghill demagogue, foul example, potato plebian face, great talents hellishly perverted, foul-mouthed hypocrite, national incendiary, fool or knave, trading liar, monster, miscreant, unabated nuisance, fostering parent of perjury, ruffian, character for scoundrelism, pivot of treason, vulture-like vagabond." What member of the *American Senate ever equalled the Marquis of Westmeath?* It would, we fancy, trouble our reviewer a little, if he were compelled to give an answer. We are undoubtedly a vain people. We have not half as much intelligence, as a nation, as some of us are in the habit of asserting, and *thinking*; and the inhabitants of Great Britain and Continental Europe are much more civilized than some who have never been there are wont to suppose. The castigations we receive occasionally from foreign tourists, though often, as in the present instance, grossly unjust, are yet in most cases richly deserved. To use the language of an intelligent contemporary, "we are not among those who, whenever a foreign journal presumes to find fault with our institutions or abuse our habits, feel under some great necessity of moving heaven and earth with indignation—as if our very existence depended upon the good opinion of a foreigner. It is not at all strange that they should not love us—we have never given them special occasion. We began by rebelling against their authority; we have, as a nation, steadily rejected their attempts to impose upon us their customs and rules of action; and we are likely to prove their formidable rivals in all the objects of worthy national and social aspiration. We are therefore very ready to excuse their abusive temper; and do not feel at all disposed to betake ourselves to weeping and wailing on account of their censure. But, on the other hand, we have no disposition to deny that we have faults—great and prominent ones; and it would be very strange if they should overlook these in their search after materials for vituperation and reproach. When, therefore, they hold these up to view—albeit to our shame and disgrace—we feel disposed to profit thereby—calmly to consider the grounds on which their censure is based, and wisely to convert it into motive and means of reformation. As a nation we are yet young—"in the gristle"—as Burke expressed it; and it will not do for us to imagine that our youth, unlike that of all other nations and societies, has no weaknesses. Far better shall we find it to make use of the eyes of others, to acknowledge the justice of their well-founded censure, and to treat with the scorn it merits their slander and groundless aspersions."

CHEAP LITERATURE.

Mr. Burgess, No. 3, Ledger Building, has just published "Ivanhoe," by Sir Walter Scott, and "Rienzi," by Bulwer, with steel engravings, at twenty-five cents each; and "Phineas Quiddy," a new comic novel by the author of "Paul Pry," at twelve-and-a-half cents. Mr. Zeiber, corner of Third and Dock streets, has likewise published "Ivanhoe," at the same price as Burgess, with a fine portrait of Scott.

STATUE OF GIETNY.

The city of Liege has just been erecting a statue of Gietny, who was born there in 1741. The statue was exposed to public view, for the first time, on the 18th July, which was kept as a public holiday. Three living composers were on the occasion proclaimed as Knights of the Order of Leopold; and in the evening Gietny's opera of *Richard Cœur de Lion* was performed at the theatre.

Literary Intelligence.

☞ In this country but little is being done by the publishers. The concluding volume of Mr. Bancroft's History of the United States, will, however, be published in a few weeks, and an exceedingly interesting work by Mr. Norman, of New Orleans, on the Antiquities of Central America, will appear early in the present month from the press of Messrs. Langley, of New York. A new edition of Mr. Griswold's Poets and Poetry of America—the *third* in six months—will be published in November, by Carey & Hart, of this city, with splendid illustrations, by the best artists.

☞ The English Annuals, for the year 1843, are the Book of Beauty and the Keepsake, both edited by Lady Blessington; The Forget-me-Not, edited by Frederick Shoberl; Friendship's Offering, edited by Leitch Ritchie, and the Picturesque Annual. This last has eighteen plates, from the designs of M. E. Lami, the celebrated French painter. The letter press by M. Jules Janin, is called the American in Paris, being a picture of Parisian life, in the court, the saloon, and the family circle, with a graphic account of the public amusements and festivities.

☞ The Harpers', we understand, will soon publish a work by Dr. Forry, of New York, entitled, "The Physical Geography of the Earth and its Relations to Organic Structure," &c. Dr. F., is extensively known to the scientific public as the author of a valuable work, recently published, on the "Climate of the United States;" which received the highest commendations of the scientific journals of this country and of Europe. We have little doubt his forthcoming work will prove eminently serviceable to the cause of general science.

☞ Hon. T. B. Macauley, so well known in this country by his "Miscellanies," announces in London "Lays of Ancient Rome." Macauley's "War of the League," "Spanish Armada," and a few other pieces from his pen which appeared several years since in the British Annuals, show what he is capable of in poetry. Messrs. Carey & Hart will republish his "Lays of Ancient Rome" as soon as it is received.

☞ Mrs. Trollope has published "Italy in 1841." She speaks in high terms of our countryman Power's Statue of Eve, now on its way to this country.

☞ Captain Basil Hall has returned lately to London from the continent in a most precarious state of health, having been seized with paralysis.

☞ A statue of Jean Paul Richter has lately been erected at the expense of the King of Bavaria, in the square of the Gymnasium at Bairenth.

☞ Luding Tieck has resolved to exchange Dresden for Berlin as his permanent residence.

General News.

☞ The Ottoway Free Trader states, that on the night of the 28th ult., the new jail at Hennepen, Putnam county, Illinois, was destroyed by fire. The origin of the fire was caused by a prisoner attempting to make his escape by burning the wood in the door, and calculating to quench the flames as soon as the hole would be large enough for him to escape. But the flames communicated to the other parts of the building, and he was obliged to call on the jailor, who immediately opened the door, and the prisoner escaped while efforts were being made to save the building, which, however, was burned to the ground.

☞ French papers state that the celebrated M. de Castelnau is about to make, under the sanction of the French Government, an expedition to the central regions of South America. This great exploring journey extends across the continent from Rio Janeiro to Lima, a line of no less than 1000 leagues, never yet visited by any European. M. Castelnau returns along the route of the astronomer Le Condamine, by the Amazon river and Guiana. This enterprize was planned under the auspices of the late Duke of Orleans, and is now carried out by the Duke de Nemours.

☞ The Crawfordsville, (Ill.) Review says, "An attempted assassination was made on the evening of the 7th of October, on Dr. Joseph T. Allen. He was returning from Court, and when within one hundred yards of his house, was way-laid and shot at. He was thrown from his horse, and so seriously hurt as to be unable to move. He laid on the ground all night, and got home delirious and exhausted the morning after the attack. Suspicion rests upon six persons, who rent land from him, by the name of McElroy. They are now in jail.

☞ Sebastian Dreher, a young German, apparently about twenty-three or twenty-four years of age, who was convicted of larceny at the Common Pleas term in Springfield, Mass., last week, and sentenced to the State prison for three years, attempted to commit suicide in the interval between his conviction and sentence, by bleeding himself. His arm was soon bandaged, and he was taken down to the Court House to receive his sentence. He still declares his intention to kill himself rather than go to the Penitentiary.

☞ The N. O. Picayune of the 16th says that "the noble hearted young Van Ness, (son of Gen. Van Ness of Washington,) who, with our associate, Mr. Kendall, had suffered all the punishments and privations of a Mexican captivity, was made prisoner by the Mexicans at San Antonio, where he had been adjusting the affairs of a deceased brother, and was, with another man, whose name we did not hear, taken out by order of General Wall, and shot down!"

☞ A great robbery was committed a couple of weeks since, at Little Rock, Arkansas. The office of Mr. Fitzgerald, a justice of the peace, was robbed of $14,000 of bank notes, which had been placed with him to bring suits upon. Samuel G. Trowbridge, formerly of Maine, William M. Wilson, Robert Caldwell, Amour Hunt, and William Caldwell and his wife have been arrested as the robbers. $1400 of the money was found with Caldwell's wife.

☞ On Tuesday, in New York, officer Relyea arrested the notorious Edward Sprague, long and well-known as a prize-fighter, charged with being one of the principals engaged in the late prize fight, which resulted in the death of Thomas McCoy. The prisoner was taken on to Westchester county by the officer, there to undergo an examination in relation to the charge preferred against him in being accessory to the murder of McCoy.

☞ In reference to the Miller prophecy, the Boston Traveller says:—"We learn from pretty good authority that the time hitherto fixed by a large number of our fellow citizens for the end of the world has been again postponed. Instead of the 23d of April, it will take place on the 4th of July next. The question was decided last week in council by the board of Directors, who have the management of this stupendous undertaking."

☞ A rich copper mine has been opened at Cumberland, R. I. Within the last week fifteen tons of ore have been shipped for Boston from the mine, commenced this season and worked by four men only. The ore was sent to Liverpool to be sold at the monthly mart of ore at Swansea. There is not a single smelting furnance for copper in North America.

☞ The Boston Daily American denies, by authority, the rumor that Mr. Adams had sanctioned the conduct of the Rhode Island Dorrites, and says his opinions are decidedly against them. Being an old friend of Dutee J. Pearce, who resigned his place in the Foundry Legislature, he has consented to appear as his counsel on the trial for high treason.

☞ The Jackson (Mo.) Advocate contains an account of the horrid murder of Mrs. John Boyd of that vicinity by his own son. The reason assigned by the boy, a lad of 15 years of age, was "ALLEGED ill treatment and the refusal of his father to permit him to have the use of a gun, for which it seemed he had always entertained a particular desire."

☞ The rolling mill of Messrs. Burnham, Baldwin & Co., and that of Mr. Elting, both at Waterbury, Connecticut, have, during the last twelve months, been robbed of copper to the amount of from 3000 to $5000. Last week about $400 worth of the copper was recovered in New York at the Junk shops.

☞ A person named James Campbell, a grocer, of New Bedford, Mass., was bound over in the sum of $1000, on the 19th instant, for beating his wife in a most brutal manner, and breaking five of her ribs—one of them in two places. She is not expected to live. If any body deserves hanging this brute does.

☞ The Alton (Ill.,) Telegraph represents the health of the surrounding country, within the last few weeks, as extremely bad. A congestive fever, of an aggravated kind, has prevailed, attended with unusual fatality. The American Bottom has been fearfully visited, and the number of deaths unusually large.

☞ A grocer residing near Hagerstown, while on his way to Baltimore, was knocked down and robbed on Monday morning, of between $700 and $800. The robbers were painted black.

☞ A pocket-book was cut from a side pocket down east by a fine spring blade thrown out from a ring worn on the finger of the rogue.

☞ The Village Record mentions the death of Levi Bull, son of the Rev. Mr. Bull, of Chester Co., who was thrown from a carriage and injured so severely that he died soon after. He only a few months since was married to Miss Davies, daughter of the Hon. Mr. Davies, a member of Congress.

☞ Isabella, the Queen, on the 12th of October, completed her twelfth year, when, according to the old Spanish law, her minority ceases. On that day, therefore, she assumed the reins of Government. A girl of twelve fit to rule a turbulent people, pshaw!

☞ Two boys, between 11 and 13 years of age, named Peter Rice and Josephus Rice, Jr., were arrested and committed at New Haven, on Friday week, for arson, in setting fire to a carpenter's shop.

☞ The extent of the cotton trade is proved in the fact, that the destruction of 35,000 or 40,000 bales by the great fire in Liverpool, produced no effect upon prices.

☞ Louisville papers report 18 steamboats aground between that place and the mouth of the Ohio.

Local Intelligence.

☞ On Tuesday, a body of Weavers, of Kensington, with drum and fife, went to the house of Joseph Reiney, in Front street, above Phoenix, and poured vitriol upon some material which he had taken out, and destroyed it. They alleged that he was working under price. Reiney is a poor man, and wants to support his family, and was glad to get work at a reduced price. Where is the police? We have often noticed such outrages, but have the criminals in a solitary case, been arrested? Protect the honest laborer.

☞ Among the many useful inventions at the Franklin Institute exhibitions, is the Lamp, for burning lard. The lard is put into the bowl of the lamp without any previous preparation, and is kept in a heated, liquid state, by a very simple contrivance. The light emitted is strong and clear; and the cost is said to be much less than that of sperm oil. For instance, five pounds of lard will burn as long as a gallon of oil.

☞ Professor Booth and M. H. Boyce have analyzed the Schuylkill and Croton waters. From these analyses it appears that the opinion concerning the superior purity of the Croton water is wholly erroneous. The Croton contained about *five* grains of solid matter, and the Schuylkill one-fifth less of solid matter than the Croton. Put that in your pipes, Gothamites!

☞ The Carroll Institute Lectures will commence on the evening of November 2d, when Professor Walter will deliver the Introductory. Some of our ablest orators will pronounce discourses before this Association during the season. The list, indeed, embraces an array of brilliant names.

☞ Some of the most splendid vases, statuary, paintings, China, &c., ever offered for sale here, were disposed of by T. Birch, jr., auctioneer, on Tuesday. The articles were imported by Mr. Vito Viti, and were intended for the New Orleans market.

☞ Young Alexander, charged with the murder of Lougee, was arraigned on Friday. He looked pale and thin, though his appearance was gentlemanly in the extreme. He plead "not guilty," when his trial was put off to the November term.

☞ A dwarfish cripple has been seen about our streets, in a handsome made little wagon, on springs, and drawn by a team of four dogs. The harness and other appointments are all in the best style.

☞ A crowded Temperance meeting for young men was held at Mr. Chamber's church on Tuesday evening. Messrs. Chambers, Kennedy, and Aaron spoke.

☞ Col. C. G. Childs has been appointed by Gen. Cadwallader, Brigade Major, in place of Major Harbach, deceased.

☞ The ringers at St. Peters will chime the bells, for the first time, on next Thursday.

☞ The Pear street brewery was sold at auction on Monday night, for $18,000.

☞ Have you been to the Franklin Institute? If not, delay going no longer.

Items of News.

☞ The princely entertainments of the Marquis of Breadalbane, during Queen Victoria's visit to Scotland, will, it is said, cost £60,000. The Marquis has a rent roll of £45,000 per annum, besides considerable accumulations of money, and he has no family.

☞ Judge Engle, of St. Louis, has decided that the property acquired by a bankrupt after filing his petition for the benefit of the law, is exempt from seizure on execution for debts contracted prior to filing his petition and mentioned in his schedule.

☞ During a late terrific thunder storm, a gentleman stated that he had taken refuge in the safest place in town. Being asked where that was, he replied, "In an omnibus." "Why?" "Because it has a conductor."

☞ The lately widowed Marchioness of Wellesley, formerly Mrs. Patterson, and Miss Patton, grand daughter of Charles Carroll, it is expected, will return to spend the evening of her life in her native city, Baltimore.

☞ The Albertross has perhaps the greatest spread of wings of any of the feathered tribe. They are commonly eighteen feet from tip to tip, and some of them have been caught, measuring twenty-four.

☞ German emigrants, at the rate of about one hundred a day, are pouring into Cincinnati.

☞ The annual productive income of real estate, in England, is estimated at $296,000,000.

☞ The Jail of Portsmouth, N. H., is now, for the first time in twenty years, tenantless.

☞ Wheat was selling at Zanesville, Ohio, a few days since, at forty cents per bushel.

☞ The Chinese Museum has been fully successful, in London.

Financial.

☞ There is a large establishment at Rutherfordton, near the gold mines in North Carolina, under the management of Mr. Bechtler, which coins pieces of about the value of eagles and half eagles, which, without imitating in the least the national coinage, pass as freely in the Southern States as do the coins issued from the Government mints. Their actual value is a few cents less than the amount named on their face—they bear no emblematical device, but simply the name and residence of the manufacturer, the weight and fineness, and an expression of the quality of the gold. Such coinage as this is not prohibited. Government assumes by law the exclusive privilege of coining copper, but gold and silver are left free to any person who does not imitate the Government stamp.

☞ Ten day Post Notes of the Globe Bank of New York, signed N. Bishop, President—S. D. Day, Cashier, have been put afloat in large quantities in Tennessee. It is a complete swindle, and it is all "Day" with those who receive them. They were represented in Day's Bank List as redeemed at 28 Wall street by a man named Philips. Such a man did redeem a few small notes, but has lately taken the Sabine slope. Be on your guard.

☞ The story that the Bank of England notes are circulating in some of the Western States, is not credited.

☞ The defalcations of Thomas Lloyd, of New York, are now said to amount to over $63,000.

Agricultural.

☞ The exhibition at Govanstown, near Baltimore, was highly creditable to the Agriculturalists of Maryland. The old Maryland Association—long since dead, however—was the parent of the American Agricultural Societies. Many of the descendants of the members of the old Association were active participants at Govanstown. A *fine herd* of Durhams was exhibited, but could not take a premium because the owner was not a resident of the county. Should such things be? Few animals were sold, and they at very low prices.

☞ The fall is decidedly the best season for transplanting trees. Only take care, in stiff soils, to dig out beyond the roots of the trees. The roots, too, should be laid down very gently, and fine soil sifted on them, and then carefully kneaded in. The transplanting of trees, even twenty and thirty feet high, can thus be conducted with certainty and at a trifling expense.

☞ Potatoes are furnished in Maine at from 12½ to 15 cents per bushel.

☞ The Maine Farmer recommends tomatoes to cure scours in pigs.

Political Intelligence.

☞ The complete returns, as given in the Statesman, for the Ohio Legislature, are as follows:—

	Dem.	Whig.
SENATE—Old members,	10	2
New do.	12	12
	22	14
HOUSE,	41	31
	63	45

Democratic majority on joint ballot, 18.

The Cincinnati Inquirer of the 19th instant, publishes returns from every county in the State for Governor—which show a majority of 4012 for Shannon, the Democratic candidate.

☞ The legislature of New Jersey met at Trenton on Monday. In council, Mr. Cheswood, of Essex, was elected President, 9 to 7. In Assembly, S. B. Halsey, of Morris, was chosen Speaker, 32 to 25. Yesterday the Governor was to be elected. Governor Pennington was doubtless re-elected, and Hon. W. G. Dayton will be chosen U. S. Senator.

☞ The Hon. William Upham, of Montepelier, was chosen on Friday as Senator from Vermont, to represent that State for six years from the 4th of March next. The votes stood for Upham, (Whig,) 122; Bradeley, (Dem.) 100; scattering 6. The Hon. Charles K. Williams was re-elected Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

☞ The friends of General Cass, at Harrisburg, have called a public meeting at that place, on Monday, the 21st of November next, in order to nominate and present him to the people of the United States as a candidate for the Presidency.

☞ The Whigs in Indiana have elected their State Senator in the St. Joseph District. This is said to give them a majority on joint ballot, for before the two parties were at a tie. A U. S. Senator is to be elected.

Religious Intelligence.

☞ The Synod of New Jersey has taken up the *vexata questio* of marrying your wife's sister. The Synod, at its late meeting, had before it a resolution from the Elizabethtown Presbytery, requesting the Synod to call upon the General Assembly, at its next meeting, to take the constitutional steps to rescind the rule forbidding a man to marry his deceased wife's sister. These steps, as prescribed by the constitution, are to send the proposition down for decision to the several Presbyteries, a majority of which is necessary to effect its repeal. Notwithstanding the well known ability and learning of the distinguished gentleman who replied, the proposition was sustained by the Synod, in a vote of 55 to 24. The proposition, therefore will go up to the Assembly at its next session in Philadelphia, in May next.

☞ We see that the Right Rev. Bishop Hughes, of the Roman Catholic Church, in New York, has issued a Pastoral Letter to the clergy and laity of his diocese, interdicting certain things which appear to have been tolerated in the church for a season, such as marriages with protestants, membership in Odd Fellows' Lodges, and other like associations. The Bishop calls these latter "dangerous and sinful associations," and says it shall not be lawful for any clergyman in this diocese to officiate at the funeral, or over the remains of any one dying, without having renounced all connection with such society.

☞ Bishop Soule, of the Methodist Church, arrived at New York on Sunday, from Liverpool in renewed health.

Army & Navy.

☞ The Secretaries of the Army and Navy have addressed circulars to the officers in their respective branches of the public service, requesting their aid and co-operation in carrying out the objects of the National Institute for the promotion of science. Officers of the Navy are desired to establish cabinets for the purpose of receiving contributions for the Institution on board of their respective vessels, and a similar step is desired of officers of military posts.

☞ The friends of the Officers and Seamen of the Pacific Squadron have an opportunity of sending letters, newspapers, &c., by the ship Seaman, which will sail on the 18th November, from No. 77 Smith's wharf, Baltimore, "for all ports usually traded to, from Talcahuana to Guayaquil inclusive."

☞ Officers of the Navy are *not* struck off the roll for fighting duels. It would not do, according to the department, to strike off midshipmen and not senior officers, and the latter might be inconvenient.

Latest Fashions.

BONNETS.—Those of the newest kind for the present autumn are made in velours epingle of a beautiful citron color, embroidered in mauve, a single marabout spotted with mauve being its sole ornament. Those in velvets of a light clear red, trimmed with elegant fancy feathers, are also in preparation; we can assure our elegants they have a look absolutely regal. The form of the bonnets is also commencing to be worn rather shallower at the ears, and have a round appearance; a few are still being worn, composed of rich gros de Naples, covered entirely with a light kind of tulle.

The newest style of feather worn at the present moment are the saules cleores, composed of the ostrich feather, partly covered with the marabout feather, either white, pink, blue, black, or glacees de violet, and the toilettes Italiennes in marabout, shaded with the color of a vulture and mounted upon a tufted stem; these are considered by far the most *distingue* kind of plume. Flowers are also much worn, many of our elegantes preferring them to the graceful plume; those most in vogue are the touffes de roses germadines of all colors in satin, or satin and velvet, the newest shades being the souci and the primitive dahlia; also shades of lilac, emerald, and Parma violet.

CAPS.—For a morning the prettiest style of caps are those named les bonnets Antoinette; also those a la Charlotte Corday. Some are made of tarlatanc, trimmed with Mechlin lace posee, so as to fall on each side in the style of the Maintenon caps, with ruches verdant green ribbon placed in tufts. For an evening the favorite material is decidedly crepe lisse and tulle, embellished with flowers, such as des grappes des Antilles, in all colors, with miniature vine leaves in velvet; they are mostly placed at the back of the cap; or the bois de Judee, with waving branches full of flowers, in different shades, with their delicate foliage.

For home caps, the clochettes de chine are more adapted, and garlands of roses mignonnes de chine, covered with dew, are intended for decorating those dressy little caps which have no caul to them.

LA PELERINE CARDINAL.—Some of these elegant capes are now being slightly changed in their form, those called Sabonia being the latest fashion; they are enriched with splendid Aragonaises embroidery.

COLLARS.—The most favorite style are those named Marguerite and Floresta.

COLORS.—They are all of a dark shade, such as chesnuts, violets, maroon, green, dark blues and purple.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS are a purgative Medicine so justly balanced, and withal so natural to the human constitution, that they cannot possibly injure even the most delicate; at the same time, if used in such a manner as to produce free evacuations by the bowels, it is absolutely impossible for pain or distress of any kind to continue long in the body. In all disordered motions of the blood, called intermittent, remittent, nervous, inflammatory, and putrid fevers, Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills will be found a certain remedy, because they cleanse the stomach and bowels of all bilious matter, and purify the blood; consequently, as they remove the cause of every kind of disease, they are absolutely certain to cure every kind of fever.

Beware of travelling impostors. Country Agents and Storekeepers are informed, that Pills sold by one V. O. Falck, and a certain David Parker, of Philadelphia, are not the genuine Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, and that neither of the above men have any authority for selling the genuine medicine. All *authorised travelling agents* are provided with a certificate of agency, signed by William Wright, Vice President of the N. A. College of Health: consequently, those who cannot show a certificate as above described will be known as impostors.

Offices devoted exclusively to the sale of the medicine, wholesale and retail, number 169, RACE STREET, PHILADA., No. 288, Greenwich Street, New York, and No. 198, Tremont Street, Boston.

N.B.—Be particular to ask for the genuine Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills; and *beware of the travelling impostors*.

New Counterfeits.

Bank of Baltimore, Baltimore.—2's, letter C., pay J. T. Smith, (and others,) variously dated in 1842. C. C. Jamison, Cashier, (written on counterfeits Jamison,) J. H. McCulloh, Prest. Calculated to deceive.

Duchess County Bank, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—2's, letter D., pay H. Livingston, Feb. 1, 1842. Jas. H. Fonda, Cash., H. Swift, Prest. Paper light and of a coarse texture.

5's, letter D., payable to different persons and of various dates. Vignette, Justice. On both ends a female in sitting posture, with a scroll in her hand.

Troy City Bank, Troy, N. Y.—10's, spurious. Vignette "The Declaration of Independence," which is not on the true bills.

Greenwich Bank, New York.—100's, exceedingly well done and calculated to deceive.

Long Island Bank, Brooklyn.—1's, spurious. The true 1's have in one corner a man on horseback—the counterfeits have not.

Otsego County Bank, Cooperstown, N. Y.—5's, letter C., variously filled up. R. S. Bates, Cash., W. Livingston, Prest. Paper of a bluish cast.

Bank of Troy, Troy, N. Y.—2's, easily detected by the letter "a" in bank has the appearance of "w." [illegible] *Bick. Reporter.*

ALMANAC.

Nov. 1842.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES.
29 SATURDAY,	6 47	5 13	10 33	
30 SUNDAY,	6 48	5 12	11 24	D. H. M.
31 MONDAY,	6 49	5 11	12 17	
1 TUESDAY,	6 51	5 9	1 8	
2 WEDNES.	6 52	5 8	1 55	New 2 11 23
3 THURSDAY,	6 53	5 7	2 25	First 9 8 30
4 FRIDAY,	6 54	5 6	3 41	Full 17 10 43
5 SATURDAY,	6 55	5 5	4 39	L'st 25 4 11

Married.

On the 25th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Castle, Mr. JOHN FARVIRA, Jr. to Miss MARY ABRAMS, all of this city.

On the 25th inst. by the Rev. O. Douglass, Mr. CHAS. W. YOUNG, to Miss MARY GANDY, both of this city.

On the 25th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Dorr, HENRY HOPPIN, to MARY A. daughter of Matthew Conrad, Esq. all of Philadelphia.

On the 24th inst. at Kimberton, Chester county, Pa. CHARLES C. BURLEIGH, of Montpelier, Vt. to GERTRUDE, daughter of Emmor Kimber, of the former place.

On the 23d inst. by the Rev. James H. McFarland, Mr. GEORGE ANG, to Miss HETTY GAW, all of Spring Garden.

On the 24th inst. by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, of this city, Mr. H. K. B. OGLE, to Miss MARY FISHER, daughter of George Shields, Esq. all of Manayunk.

On the 24th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Stockton, Dr. EDWIN HALDEMAN, of Lancaster county, to Miss HARRIET E. COLE, of Virginia.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. Thos. J. Thompson, JAS. WRIGLEY, of this city, to Mrs. ELENORA RAMBEE, of Moyamensing.

On the 9th inst. by the same, THOMAS DICKSON, of Delaware, to Miss CAROLINE WALTERS, of this city.

On the 20th inst. by John M. Scott, Mayor, Mr. JAS. J. LANCASTER, of this city, to REBECCA H. GREEN, of Chester county, Pa.

On the 17th of March last, by the Rev. Jos. Castell, WM. F. MELSH, to Miss ELIZABETH A. BROCK, daughter of John Brock, of this city.

On the 22d inst. by Alderman C. Brazer, Mr. JOSEPH BROOKS, to Miss HANNAH MOORE, both of Montgomery county, Pa.

By the Rev. George Chandler, on the evening of the 9th inst. Mr. WM. B. WIGHTMAN, to Miss PRISCILLA FRIES.

On the 22d instant, by the Rev. J. M. Douglass, Mr. JOSEPH McMULLIN, to Mrs. MIRA WHELAN, both of Spring Garden.

On the 11th inst. by the Rev. James C. Stow, of St. George's, Del., GEORGE Z. TYBOUT, of New Castle co. Del. to ELIZABETH C. daughter of the late Capt. Solomon Maxwell, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

On the 19th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Thompson, Mr. SHADRACK HILL, to Miss ELIZABETH MONK, all of this city.

On the 20th inst. by Alderman Geo. Erety, ELI FELL, Jr. to MARY DOANE, both of Bucks county.

On the 20th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Gartland, JOHN TIERNEY, to FRANCIS CONWAY, both of Baltimore.

In Cincinnati, August 11th, by the Rev. Mr. Brooks, Mr. G. W. HOWELL, of Baltimore, to Miss JOSEPHINE R. FENTON, of Philada.

On the 20th inst. by the Right Rev. Alfred Lee, JOHN S. LIPKINS, to ELIZA B. daughter of Dell Noblitt, all of this city.

On the 20th inst. by the Rev. T. O. Lincoln, RICHARD P. LEEDOM, of the Northern Liberties, to Miss SARAH A. SAURMAN, of Spring Garden.

On the 20th inst. by the Rev. John L. Grant, ISRAEL H. WALTER, of Waterville, Chester county, to Miss MARTHA J. CLAYPOOL, of this city.

On the 20th inst. by the Right Rev. Bishop Kenrick, JAMES DUBOIS, of Bordeaux, France, to ELIZABETH M. SLOYSIUS, daughter of Jacob A. Ambrose, of this city.

On Wednesday, the 12th instant, by John M. Scott, Mayor, Mr. THOMAS LEONARD, of this city, to Miss BERTHA J. CHAMBERLAIN, of East Bradford, Chester county, Pa.

On the 18th instant, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. CHARLES H. FISHER, to Miss HANNAH TITUS, both of the Northern Liberties.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. Joseph Ginald, Mr. PHILIP DOLFING, to Miss HELEN KLAFDER, both of this city.

Died,

At his residence, in West Philadelphia, on 6th day, the 14th of 10th month, ANDREW STEEL, formerly of Radnor Township, Del. county, aged 34 years, 7 mos.

Gems from the Poets.

SUNSHINE.

BY MARY HOWITT.

I love the sunshine every where—
In wood, and field and glen;
I love it in the busy world,
Of men unprisoned men.

I love it when it sweeps in
The humble cottage door,
And marks the chequered basement chair
Upon the red brick floor.

I love it where the children lie
Deep in the clavery grass,
To watch among the twinkling roots
The gold green beetles pass.

I love it on the breezy sea,
To glance on sail and oar,
While the great ocean like an ocean grass,
Come leaping to the shore.

I love it on the mountain high,
Where I see the thrushes soar,
And half a kingdom lurked in light,
Lies stretching out below.

And when it shines in fissured flakes,
Hidden and green, and cool,
Through mossy boughs, and veined leaves,
How it is beautiful!

How beautiful on little streams,
When ripple and shadow play,
And the great waters like an ocean grass,
Make silvery meshes, while the boat,
Goes sweeping on its way!

How beautiful, when dewless dies
Are wood rose in bobolink,
With rainbow wings of every pearl,
And bubble blue and gold!

How beautiful, on harvest slopes,
To see the sunshine lie,
On the yeller reaped fields
Where yellow sheafs remain high!

Oh, yes! I love the sunshine!
Like kindness or like mirth,
Upon the human countenance,
It sweetest on the earth.

Upon the earth—upon the sea—
And through the crystal air,
Oh yes! up clouds—the greatest sea
In glorious every where!

From the Magazines

FROM GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE FOR NOVEMBER.

THE YOUNG WIFE.

A Lesson to Wooers.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE."

CHAPTER I.

An ale-shaft wilt is silken tow
And softer late to yours—Scottish Song

"No, no, Lowndes," answered Mr. Gilmer, in reply to a question which the former had just made. "Indeed I could by no means fall in love with a girl because she was the handsomest or the most brilliant woman in the room. No, no; you will find Miss Virden very different probably from what you expect. Men at my age, who know the world, know that talents and accomplishments are not the first qualities to seek in a wife. Prudence of temper and mind without some dazzling brilliance are the charms that we prize as we grow older for their alone, springing from the heart, can insure us happiness. No, you will not find Miss Virden at all accomplished to any high degree. Her extreme youth precludes that. But what more can a bridegroom desire than the melody and eloquence that speak in a young voice fresh from a warm heart? All accomplishment is fresh factice, one can feel sure in a creature so young, and the pleasure of cultivating a heart and mind in your own, of feeling that every flower that springs there is of your own planting, is worth more to me than the utmost perfection of unpresentable results made to the hand."

Mr. Lowndes, who was also unmarried in the world—what was somewhat unusual at that period—looked wistful while he smiled as he thought of the disinterested ease that lent silence to read with forty-three, and he sighed.

"The lady is beautiful, no doubt, for with so noble philosophic knowledge of the world, Gilmer, I doubt whether you would appreciate so highly the charms of a possible bride were they not united to the loveliness of a youthful person."

Gilmer replied with a smile,

"I think you will find she does credit to my taste. You must be the interpreter of that. Send Barrington agreed to call at Mrs. Vivian's for that purpose in the evening, expressed Mr. Gilmer the Lowndes' fashion state as an old bachelor, whom circumstances had kept in town all the year, and whose enthusiasm in a fully he had no often calculated to admire.

Mr. Gilmer, at forty-two, knew the world as well and what it more, the world knew him; and having run a good career, he could now look back and indeed middle age, he would now resume life, and start afresh for the goal of happiness and domestic love—a worldline that he was a fit match for bright attainments and a natural manner for the conferring all the charms of that happy age.

"I do trust to be so cheated! Let us see.

"Look!" cried the little train niece, "is not that beautiful," showing her the picture of a young girl from her lover. "Oh, mamma," added she, changing her little hands in an ecstasy, "how he will dote on me!"

"Yes, my love," said her mother, tenderly, "it is beautiful. How her mamma's portrait, and kind Mr. Gilmer is to remember that passing wish of yours."

"Oh yes! what a perfect head he has!" he continued the little lady, evidently much more interested upon her present her lover; and so she flew to her aunt to show the rich present she had just received. Miss Lawrence, a youngish sweet of about forty, who resided with them, had been absent when the engagement took place, and having now received and admired the gift in celebration of her nuptials.

"I am quite anxious to see this Mr. Gilmer," remarked Charlotte.

"Are you?" Well, he will be here this evening, I suppose; and I dare say you will like him. He likes all those sensible fellows that I detest—and always am fond of. "He'll not suit you."

"I hope," replied Miss Lawrence, "he suits you best."

"Yes," she answered, with a little hesitation, "and he is no fool."

"Is he that, certainly," replied her sister, "and I confess I wish that the disparity of years between them was less."

"I am not sure that I do," answered Mrs. Vivian. "His age gives me a security for his character that I could not have otherwise. And the younger the man is the greater the disagreement. Gilmer has known the merit of an indulged and spoiled child, if you will; a lesson and support the reprieve of a young man that I had rather she were an old man's darling than a young man's mistress."

"If she were compelled to either alternative," said Miss Lawrence.

"Beside," continued Mrs. Vivian, scarce hearing her sister's interruption, "his fortune is immense, and the certainty that she will be mistress of a splendid and very lately wealth can procure is to me an unspeakable consolation. I am rejoiced I have left, with what literary a mother have not study them, not even myself—convinced how extremely I would spoil her from every kind or privation that could hurt her health. Of course it is no mistake that with so many and well-meant pretensions both as pleasure and exertion that will cure to accomplish her, and to make herself loved and I may I anticipate her marriage with an establishment from her mother can look for."

And so the proposition were quite making for the marriage, and every one was pleased, and the idea was so fixed in the pretty mind, as was in one continued manner as every hour, to produce a most wonderful bewildering arrived and brought with it a most splendid present from Mr. Gilmer, which opened Mrs. Vivian's bouquet of stones white camelias, and contained the bridal veil of the most costly lace. Of course, her marriage to mention, she lastly danced to be married in the dress that so much was to become her, for the mother, and the only shadow or doubt that crossed her joy was that the gift of a dress that must fastidious of negligent, should disappear in the evening.

The veil it did last arranged, with the orange buds and blossoms, and on the sparkling, white dress fronts around her airy figure, a perfect, bright, flower-garland ornament was cast to glimmer across as it would from that voluptuous young bride; and Mr. Gilmer as he stood beside her, high-bred, grave and middle-aged, looked more than ever the part of father that of bridegroom.

As he found Mr. Lowndes guard upon the floor, ing eyes and glowing cheeks of the young beauty, and loved the merry tones of her childish voice, and then glanced round at the small rooms and plain furniture of her mother's home, he perfectly comprehended the infatuation of his friend and the motives of his bride.

CHAPTER II.

That may gar one cry, but it cannot gar me mind.
Heart of Mid Lothian.

"Well, Charlotte," said Mr. Gilmer, after they had been some days established at Newton, "I suppose our wedding gazettes are nearly over?"

"Oh! I hope not," replied she, looking almost aghast at the idea. "Why they have scarcely more than begun. I have not been to half my balls yet, and I hope, indeed, if it were to end so soon," she continued.

"So soon!" replied her husband. "Why I should think that even you would be tired of the incessant gaiety. I don't long for one quiet dinner and evening at home."

"I agree with you," she returned, "the dinners are bores. To be obliged to sit four or five mortal hours and talk to very dull, fat, old men, is terrible, and I hope may continue these three months. You don't mind, however," she added, "and I don't wonder you find it tiresome. Mamma used to complain of it too, and I dare say it indeed to you old folks who look on at the balls who waits, you don't know how charming it is," and so our cheek look her curls and looked up at him with such arch and beautiful confidential delight, that he was compelled to swallow any good humour, and being himself fond of dancing, and the "old folks," unpleasant as it might be, in the light of the world was the object of the young beauty, and evening to be a third. "put away childish things."

Finding, however, that her youth was more than a match for her patience, he was content to defer the indulgence of his wishes for two months after their marriage, he said.

Charlotte, after thought we go to no more evening parties. I am thoroughly tired of them, and you have had enough of them."

She would have remonstrated, but the decision, almost unusual in so enormous a child, was so firmly startled her, and she only replied, in compliance her husband's wishes, that she would not go out. Her mother, was left her, and Mrs. Vivian's spirit quickly rose at missing her eldest child's society, and she said with a feeling more natural than judicious in a mother-in-law.

"Tell your husband, Charlotte, that if he does not wish to go, I am always ready to accompany you," and the young wife returned triumphantly to her husband to say, "that mamma would like her to Mrs. Johnson's." Mr. Gilmer could not remonstrate about to the arrangement, little as he liked it; but thus Mrs. Vivian had the luxury of her child's society for a month more, and still that took root to flourish and strengthen with the time.

Mrs. Vivian calling soon after on her daughter, found her putting over a large packet of letters.

"What is that reading, Charlotte?" inquired her mother.

"Oh!" she said, tossing the book from her, "the stupidest thing you ever read. Mr. Gilmer insisted I should amusing her child first-read, as she was so weird, to read and think, but I won't think for him," she added, pettishly, and pouting for her part, "I can't make me do that, do what he will. Now is it not hard," she continued appealing to her mother, "just as I have left school, I should be surrounded by books and forced to study? Mamma used to say, giggling Pague F. to give me Italian lessons as to say that time will bring me to my senses if I have patience to be when he is absent. Not nearly so heavy, I can tell him, as when I have something to do. Now, I am free, I can, then, dress stupid lives to be occupied to any high grace, sensible old men. I almost thought of my husband all that time."

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It was a brilliant autumn day when I got leave to make my accustomed visit to the old castle, and my mission I prepared for a short walkmate the park. I declined the conveyance of the chief, for I had been Lady Caroline's horse gallop away down the avenue, and I wished to enjoy the fine morning alone. It was just last night of the castle in the first land of the path, which I saw her quietly walking her home under the trees of a neighboring park. I was determined to be observed and come towards me at an easy canter. I would not help feeling scarcely the old familiar feeling, but I was not prepared for such an apparition of splendid beauty as met me. Instead of the Lady Caroline of the forest blood; a lofty, fiery, matchless creature, I beheld a woman of soft and moist which I could not but think a proper pendant to her own, having the same tall attitude and a form of his arched neck, and forehead, altogether, proud as a steed for Lucifer, out on him as if it were a horse she was born to, and the flow of her riding-dress seemed so much a part of him as his mane. He appeared perfectly conscious of his fair burden, but our hand calmly stroked his mane, and her face was not one bit disturbed.

"Well met!" she said; "I was just wishing for a cavalier. What sort of a horse is that you ride, Herr-man? Ride!" (speaking to her groom) "is old Curtal taken your horse?"

"Yes, mylad!"

"Curtal is an aged invalid horse, and as you are not very strong perhaps his easy pace will be best for you. Bring him out directly, Ellis. We'll just walk along the road a little way; but lead your toy Arabian; and we'll not go back to ask mamma's permission, for we could not get it. You won't mind a thing a little way, will you?"

Of course I would not be considered a loppergrift of her bidding, and when the groom came out, leading a thoroughly-bred Arabian, I was very clever in a light and gentle action, I forgot the doctor and mounted with great alacrity. We walked our horses slowly down the avenue and out at the castle gate, followed by the groom, and after I had made a graceful bow to the public road, I pronounced old Curtal worthy of her ladyship's eulogium, and her own Paladin worthy, if any one could be more entitled to it than he.

We had ridden perhaps a mile, and Lady Caroline was giving me a full account of the origin and history of the old veteran under me, when the sound of a horse's hoofs behind us, and the voice of a man raising a little activity, we caught sight of a pack of hounds coming on at speed. The huntsman was followed by some twenty redcoated horsemen. He had trotted towards us for her ladyship's orders, and I observed that Lady Caroline dexterously lengthened her own stirrup and loosened the belt of her riding-habit. She then gave the huntsman a few words of thorough-bred information, and he rode on with a gay and gentle action, I forgot the doctor and resumed with great alacrity. We walked our horses slowly down the avenue and out at the castle gate, followed by the groom, and after I had made a graceful bow to the public road, I pronounced old Curtal worthy of her ladyship's eulogium, and her own Paladin worthy, if any one could be more entitled to it than he.

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"Indeed! you are fond of this!" cried Lady Caroline, gathering up her reins. "Ellis!" to Mr. Berry, "lead home your horse, and tell Lady Arabian you for lodge with a vault that left me breathless with astonishment. Now, then, obedient to the word, I resumed my own home and turn his head in the other direction, but he was not to be had. He had already leaped a fence in my life on horseback, though I had been on the road; but before I could think that it was to be repeated, he was over a fence and in the loop. Curtal was over the hedge with me, and before I could recover my self-possession, he was over and far before him. With a chance about I saw the whole field in motion, the hounds streaming on another green hedge, and though the field was crossed by a deep ditch, I had no difficulty, and was over the hedge with the prospect of describing another paradox in my self as to the capabilities of a horse for a propertile on horseback. Over went Paladin like a bird, and but his mistress's riding-cap caught the wind as she rose, and it was gone from her head. Her face was now plunged to the instep in the stirrups, and her long hair, which had escaped from its fastenings to my horse's mane, and one by one, along the whole line of country, I found it was left on the ground dropping slowly behind. Right before me like a wild huntsman, I could hear the thousand tones of Lady Caroline, and Curtal's deep one in the rear of Paladin, neither losing nor gaining an inch upon each other, and I was conscious that I heard the voice of the hounds, and cheer became my view of the clearly and slight as we flew over the fields. Only for a horse I had neither guidance nor control. He needed not the first, for he followed the hounds through a wood, and the second, for he followed Curtal. I was entirely at his mercy, and I was in the hands of a madman. Every moment I expected a fall from the height I thought I was on, and every moment I expected to be dashed to the earth by the branches of the trees through which we flew. I heard never put a foot forward till I thought I was in the air, and I was conscious of a wild, indistinguishable tumultuous joy at such attraction about it, but I was not left long, and I was afflicted by the tumultuous heat to be honored, right or wrong, and a moment brought up to it, as Englishmen are, to see the horse I was on, and to feel that I was in the most charming grid in talking to him.

"Why, my dear fellow, what a beautiful girl was that Lady Caroline! Her eyes were of a light gray, the color of her hair was auburn, and her skin was as fair as the snowiest lily. She was tall, and her figure was of the sweeping order, and in her brown habit there was a grace and freedom in every movement that made the curves of her small head like a lute. Her mouth was small, and her lips were full, and her teeth were of perfect pearl. She was infinitely and evidently educated and accomplished, and her manners were those of the most spirit and sensibility. She was the most delicate and feminine creature I ever saw, and the most charming. She would have been, in other circumstances, a little too much for a man's peace of mind, but, therefore, perhaps a devil. But her fascination was simply irresistible.

"My daughter," said Lady Trenchen, (and in that moment I had forgotten that she was present,) "is the most accomplished, as she is the most beautiful, young woman in the county, and I am sure you will be pleased to hear that she is not entirely ignorant of the science of agriculture. Caroline, you will be good enough to lead her on now, Mr. Berry."

I became her on, and with the composure of a soldier and some ten every day of my life, Lady Caroline began to converse with me upon the subject of my studies, my shooting at the lodge, and finally upon the state of the country, and the prospects of the harvest. Her views were those of a well-informed and liberal person, and her understanding appeared to me to be of the highest order. I felt myself unconsciously elevated in my own estimation by her conversation, and I was sorry to confess that they did not interfere very particularly with his."

HOPE.

FROM SCHILLER.

We speak with the lip, and we dream in the soul,
Of some bourne unattainable;
And our days, the inexorable, to that golden goal
Are diligent and true.

Now the world becomes old, now again it is young,
Still Hope lives in the breast of man.

At the threshold of life Hope lead on us
Here—there—another—and another,
Thereof the best of its charms may with youth begin,
When we sink as the year, wily, the grave has scope,
And we look at the end of the race.

And it is not a dream of a fancy proud,
With which we are cheated by error;
There's a voice at the heart that proclaims aloud—
"It is not to be all in vain!"

And that Voice of the Heart, O ye mere lookers,
Will not the Heart—the Omniscient—Believe?

The Humorist.

"You Josh, where on earth have you been?" Mr. Hill, "I've been to Jericho."

"Well, you ungracious beast, I hope to gracious you've been."

"I have say I shouldn't be fun for all you, Dolly, but there was a certain woman that helped me out of the scrape."

"A certain woman! oh! the hussy! tell me who she is, you unfeeling wretch, or I'll never speak to you again."

"Well, if you must know, I killed an old fowl big enough out with one of them *Queen Anne's* cents that you gave me."

March eight out of the house, this instant, you cruel, heartless monster, to speak your husband so."

Whereupon Josh made a "clear streak" across the fields.

"Nimrod, can you tell me who was the first man?"

"Adam somebody. His father wasn't no body, and he never had no mother, on account of the scarcity of women, so he was the first man."

"How long were the children of Israel in the wilderness?"

"They felt found their way out."

"Who was compelled to seek refuge in the land of Nod?"

"Cain. Dun."

"Why was he obliged to flee father?"

"Because he got up King's chemeser, and Providence wouldn't let pistol shot him. Providence is on the square."

"Papa, what does the editor look like Prince Carnival with?"

"Why, my son, he don't whip it, my child."

"Then he has no—"

"Hush, Tom, that's a very naughty word."

"Well, by George! this eye paper says, *Prince Carnivalishly* corrected—and I guess when I get to be a editor I'll never have—don't I?"

"No, my child—no, no."

"Major Nash says—" A young gentleman at a temperance meeting referred to his authority. "Major pledge, excused himself by saying, "I am not quite sure, but I think I have heard that expression used one of the young ladies present to see her home." I am not quite sure, but I think I have."

"Pope, dining one day with Frederic, Prince of Wales, paid the Prince many compliments. "I suppose, sir," said the Prince, "you will write as well as anyone on Kings should be so complacent to me." "Sir," replied the poet, "I will write better, because I like the best before his claims are genuine."

"I learned young lady being asked at a temperance meeting to give her views on the subject of cal. miserable repugnance to sugar, for in my extensible explanations I have found that the use of the sugar nullifies the flavority of the tea, and renders it vastly disagreeable."

Judge Marshall, of England, in sentencing a man for stealing pictures of printed goods, said, in addition to the usual penalty, "You must be sent to America; in my opinion the most easily reasonable in the world, for they steal pay any dividends."

"Now, my young friend, what is temperance, is in formation, to be called 'Total Abstinence from Physic Society?' whose motto is to be 'Best, Base and Benevolence.' Now, gentlemen, I propose three for and fourteen."

"I—I—suppose, gentlemen," said Aldermen H., why my whiskers should turn gray so much quicker than the hair on my head. I never have used them, and I've served a vag."

"The following notice is posted on a small shop in Boston. The author is, without doubt, a disciple of the muses:

"Dinners for sail here.
Also, Boots to let.

"John," said a rich Quaker to his extravagant son, "I'm afraid thou art getting to be a rake." "Why, father," replied the young man, "I do not like that term raked, and I am spreading it for thee."

"I was once said of a beautiful woman, that her face was so full of expression that it appeared to be at the least powered pie from the lips, and they turned it into beauty."

"Boy, do you know it is said to be an uncommon sight to behold a gentleman dancing with a pipe in his mouth, or in walking, constant puffing the smoke into his face?"

"Oh! like painting, is inevitable, as it entertains but observed the gentleman, who calm and unruffled, stepping the soul in a dreary enjoyment, and calling forth the tears of sympathy and admiration. "Oh!" was indeed splendid beauty! the lustrous brilliancy of her dark blue eyes, shaded by long dark lashes, and her fair forehead, shaded by her dark curls—her full chest lips, slightly, so slightly curled, you knew not if it were in scorn or pride—the low tones of her voice—her tones were rich and musical, and her carriage and demeanor unconsciously graceful and elegant. I had only met with in the society of great cities. Her manners were those of a lady, and could be found not but to long at once, and looked really glad to see me. I was, indeed, a welcome visitor, and I looked towards De Vere—

"I shall ask thee to excuse me, my lord, this not a moment since I have seen my cousin."

He turned angrily, muttered something over his shoulder, and with a forehead of the most perfect to me, and with a forehead of the most perfect to me, and with a forehead of the most perfect to me